AN

ESSAY

For *Abridging* the

Study of Physick.

To which is added, A

DIALOGUE,

(Betwixt HYGEIA, MERCURY and PLUTO,)

Relating to the

PRACTICE of PHYSICK,

As it is managed by a certain *Illustrious Society.*

As also an EPISTLE from *Usbek* the *Persian* to *J— W——d*, Esq;

LONDON;

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TO THE

Deservedly-Celebrated *J—— W——d*, *J—— M——r*, and the rest of the numerous Sect of Inspired PHYSICIANS; This little Work is humbly inscribed, by

Their most Devoted Servant,

and Zealous Admirer.

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AN

ESSAY

For *Abridging* the

STUDY of PHYSICK.

Sic ubi viſceribus gravidæ telluris imago
Effecta eſt hominis, fœto conſurgit in arvo;
Quodq; magis mirum ſimul edita concutit arma.
OVID. METAMORPH.

OUR Univerſity Method of ſtudying *Phyſick* is attended with ſo many Diſcouragements, it is ſuch an expenſive, tedious, difficult way to Science, that one who has any talent at *Projecting* cannot, I think, employ it more humanely than in putting the diſtreſſed *Youth* upon a ſhorter and eaſier

road. The Pride and Ill-nature, perhaps the Avarice too, of the Learned in every Science, would gladly make a myſtery of the art they profeſs, and render it inacceſſible but to a few. Ask a Gentleman of the *Æſculapian* tribe, what courſe of Education is requiſite to the making of a *Phyſician?* He will preſently tell you, that a young Man who would ſucceſsfully apply himſelf to the Study of *Medicine*, muſt firſt of all have an Underſtanding capable of Inſtruction; and that after he is pretty far advanced in the Languages and ſuch other pieces of Learning as he imagines to be neceſſarily previous and introductory to Phyſick, he muſt ſtudy every particular Branch of that Science under able Teachers, and labour night and day for God knows how many years, before he can be ſuppoſed fit to Practiſe. Very modeſt Demands truly! This is either the moſt malicious fetch or the ſimpleſt miſtake in the world: for in reality, Learning is no more neceſſary to a *Phyſician* than to a *Fidler*. And for all this pother, I am miſtaken too if I cannot lay down a Method, by the religious and ſtrict obſervance of which, a young man (whatever his natural Senſe be) may, in two

or

or three years time, without any expence either of Money or *Animal Spirits* worth calculating, drop into the world not only a ripe *Surgeon* or *Phyſician*, but *Phyſician*, *Surgeon* and *Apothecary* all in one. But before I proceed to communicate my *Scheme*, I here ſolemnly declare that I have not the leaſt pique at the preſent *Faculty of Phyſicians*, nay, that I honour that learned Society; but *Amicus Plato*, *amicus Socrates*, *magis amica veritas*. It were a piece of complaiſance, unworthy a truly generous and extenſively-benevolent diſpoſition, to conceal ſuch means as muſt evidently make the acquiſition of an uſeful *Art* much eaſier, merely for the ſake of indulging the narrow humour of it's preſent *Profeſſors*, who grudge that any ſhould riſe to the *Dignities* and *Privileges* of their *Profeſſion* with leſs Pain and Charge than themſelves have done.

Well then, to begin with the *previous* Qualifications of our Student. He muſt be provided by bountiful *Nature*, with an inexhauſtible fund of *Aſſurance*, that *cardinal Virtue*, which without the aſſiſtance of any other is ſufficient to make a great man. A

little *Senſe* would not be amiſs; but as this is ſeldom an Ingredient in a Conſtitution where the other predominates, and as it is not abſolutely neceſſary, we ſhall not reckon upon it. *Impudence* alone will do, for it gives ſuch a *force* to the otherways *lighteſt* Merit, that the Addreſs, or rather the Aſſault, of a man who poſſeſſes it to any eminent degree, is not to be reſiſted. If beſides he can make a ſhift to read *Corderius* with the help of a Dictionary, that is to ſay, if he has a *Quantum ſufficit* of *Latin* to enable him to underſtand a *Recipe* and to accent a *hard word* gracefully, he is now fitted to attempt the moſt arduous parts of the *Study*.

As ſoon therefore as our young man is thus hopefully qualified, let him forthwith be bound Apprentice for two or three years to an *Apothecary*, who *preſides* like a *wholeſome Planet* over ſome Country-Town, ſhedding kindly Influence for ſeveral miles round him. His main buſineſs during the time of his Apprenticeſhip will be, to ſpread now and then a *Plaiſter*, ſometimes to make up an *Electuary* or a *Maſs of Pills*, to adminiſter *Clyſters* in great abundance, and to manage the

the *Non-naturals* of the gaunt hide-bound Steed upon whoſe back his Maſter ranges the Country, like the *King of Terrours* on his *pale Horſe*. Tho' this laſt may not appear to be a very liberal Office, yet as far as it will give him an occaſion to become acquainted with the Conſtitution of that generous Animal, and with the general *Regimen* that ſuits it beſt, he will find it of mighty advantage to him afterwards, when he comes to exerciſe the *Hippohiatrical* Function, the cultivation of which makes a very conſiderable Article in the *Practice* of *Medicine*, in ſome parts of the Country. When he is at leiſure from theſe more important *Duties*, he may, if he pleaſes, glance over ſome ſhort general Syſtem of *Anatomy*. I muſt own indeed this is almoſt a needleſs trouble, yet I would have him able to tell upon occaſion whether the *Stomach* lies in the *Abdomen* or in the *Thorax*, and the like, if it were only for ornament's ſake, and to keep him in countenance among thoſe people who have got a notion that ſome acquaintance with the ſtructure of the Human Body is neceſſary to a *Phyſician*; for we muſt not hope to reform the world all at once. When he has thus laid

laid a good Foundation in *Anatomy*, to which I allow him a month, or, if his Maſter rides much and the roads are dirty, ſix weeks, let him proceed to the *Practice of Phyſick* and *Surgery:* A ſhort Syſtem for each will be ſufficient. He will frequently have occaſion to practiſe *Chemie* under his Maſter's eye, and thus may gain a competent skill in this Branch of the Study without the fatigue of Reading. A *Botaniſt* he muſt grow, whether he will or not. And as for the *Materia Medica* and *Methodus præſcribendi*, he may make himſelf Maſter of theſe in this manner. As often as a Phyſician's Bill comes to his Maſter's Shop, let him out with his Pocket-book, *ſlap it down and make it his own;* according to Mr. *Bayes*'s *Rule of Records.* As he muſt have frequent acceſs to know, againſt what Diſeaſe this or that Preſcription was deſign'd, let him therefore devote a page or ſo in his Pocket-companion to every Diſeaſe, and under each of theſe let him range the Preſcriptions adapted thereto. Thus when he engages in the *Practice* himſelf, whatever Diſeaſe ſhall fall in his way, he has no more to do but turn over his *Vade mecum*, where he will probably find ſomething proper for it. With regard

to

to the different *Stages* of Diſeaſes, the various *Combinations of Symptoms*, and the like, theſe are *ſubtile trifles* that none but your *whimſical people* give themſelves any trouble about. In the mean time, ſuch *Receipts* as he has not got ſufficient intelligence to warrant his reducing under the Article of any Diſeaſe, will ſerve him in good ſtead in *Anomalous Caſes*, which in all probability will frequently occur to him. If by following this courſe, he is not furniſhed with a compleat Syſtem of *Recipes* by the time that his Apprenticeſhip is expired, let him conſult *Markham*'s *Engliſh Houſewife's skill in Phyſick*, to be found in the *Quarto* Edition of his Works, where he will meet with *Receipts* that will either *help* or prove a *ſovereign Cure* in every Diſeaſe. I have known very valuable Collections of this kind in the hands of ſome Ladies.

Behold! what a bare ſimple thing is *Phyſick!* when it's ſhowy Luxuriances, it's fruitleſs Branches, are lopped off. Vain ſwelling Science, how much art thou ſhrunk! How is the Learning of the *Eaſtern* and the *Weſtern Schools*, how are the toils of the ancient *Sages* and

Thoſe

Thoſe of modern days, ſwallowed up almoſt at once by a *Boy!* and a *Boy* of no great *depth* neither! For now is the *grand Affair* finiſhed, and our *Scholar* is perfectly well inſtructed in every part of his *Study*. I ſhall appeal to himſelf if he is not. If a young man, bleſſed with theſe natural Gifts I have demanded, after ſuch a happy Education, is not conſcious of greater Abilities than almoſt any of thoſe you call *regular Phyſicians*, I am much miſtaken. This very Shew of Merit, tho' he poſſeſſed nothing at all of the Subſtance, will recommend him prodigiouſly to the Vulgar, *Great and Small*, (that is to ſay, to nineteen at leaſt of twenty parts of Mankind) who are ſuch humane Judges of a man's qualifications, that they never ſeek further than his own word for them, but always meaſure his Abilities by his Pretenſions. Now I ſay our young *Doctor* may go where he pleaſes. He cannot fail to be by this time a skilful *Apothecary*, and for *Phyſick* and *Surgery*, it is ſtrange if he is not equally qualified for Practiſing either *ubiq; gentium*. Or if he finds his Genius more particularly turned to one Diſeaſe than to the reſt, he may with conſiderable emolument both to himſelf and the

Public,

Public, confine his Practice to that, and may make a good figure as an *Antidyſenteric* or *Antimaniac Phyſician*, as a *Vermicide*, a *Tooth-drawer*, or a *Corn-cutter*. And if he applies himſelf to the *Obſtetrical* Art, let him turn over *Culpepper*'s *Midwife enlarg'd* night and day. That little Book is worth a whole Library. All that is poſſible to be known in that Art is there treaſur'd up in a ſmall *Duodecimo*. Bleſſed, yea for ever bleſſed, be the memory of the inimitable Authour, who, and who alone, had the *curious happineſs* to mix the profound Learning of *Ariſtotle* with the facetious Humour of *Plautus!*

And now, that I may not omit any thing that lies in my power towards the preparing of our *Doctor* for buſineſs, I ſhall offer him a few Advices for the regulation of his Conduct, when he comes abroad into the World. As ſoon therefore as he is thus exquiſitely accompliſhed, he muſt think of Tranſplanting himſelf to ſome Place where he is little known. And whether he commence *itinerant* or *fixed Phyſician* (tho' I would rather he chuſed the latter Situation, as more agreeable to the Dignity of his Profeſſion)

I adviſe him firſt to make himſelf a little acquainted with *Geography*, that he may not be at a loſs to relate what *Wonders* he has ſeen in *foreign Countries*. This will have a mighty Charm with the Vulgar, who have a ſhrewd notion of things which one would think above their reach, and know perfectly well what an amazing Influence the *foreign Air* has upon a man's Intellectuals. How this *foreign Air* operates, is not to the preſent purpoſe to enquire; only it is undeniable that it has a prodigious effect. It is not only the moſt effectual, but the eaſieſt way to Improvement; ſince in this caſe a man has no need to exert himſelf any further, than juſt to condeſcend in his own mind upon any Art or Science that he would deſire to be maſter of, and he muſt imbibe it or ceaſe to Breathe. He is a *Spunge* thrown into water. For take me a man that has ſcarce ſenſe enough to ſpell his own name, and Steep him for two or three years in a *foreign* Atmoſphere, you will bring him out again Wringing-full of Knowledge, tho' he had done nothing conſiderable all the time but drank pure *quinteſſential Rum* or a little *ſprinkled* with water by way of *Punch* in a *Guinea-*

ſhip,

ſhip, or ſtrolled about arrayed in Sheep's guts with the ingenious Inhabitants of the *Cape of Good Hope*. Nay, ſuppoſe he had paſſed all the time of his foreign Sojourn in a profound Sleep, he ſhould find himſelf ſtrongly Impregnated with Science when he awaked. The meaneſt and moſt ignorant of the vulgar know this; And it is convenient to humour them. For it is really no cheat at bottom, if one who has received all the Erudition which far-diſtant Regions can communicate, without ſtirring a foot from home, if ſuch a one, I ſay, ſhould take the benefit of being reputed a *travelled Gentleman*.

But I had almoſt forgot to enjoin a very neceſſary Branch of Education. Neceſſary in ſome caſes, tho' indeed to an ordinary Judge it may appear ſomewhat trifling. What I have in view at preſent is the art of *Fumiſuction* and of Drinking ſtrong Liquor valiantly. I would have him apply indefatigably to theſe in the time of his Apprenticeſhip, his more important Studies need not cool for it neither: And he muſt have a very ſlow capacity, if after two or three years diligent application, he is not as able a Practitioner

both ways as the moſt *Phlegmatic Juſtice* in a whole County. He will find the Advantage of theſe Qualifications, if his Lot is ordered him in any part of the Country where the exerciſe of ſuch elegant Arts is the reigning Diverſion or Buſineſs. For they will almoſt infallibly recommend him to the Patronage of ſome jocular *Squire*, who every Evening, aſſiſted by his never-flinching friend, the *ſpiritual Doctor*, wraps himſelf up in a thick night of Tobacco-ſmoak, and murders an artificial Thirſt with repeated Draughts of *ſtrong-Beer*. If, added to this, he be a *good Shot*, and can roar at a Fox-chaſe, his Fortune is made in ſpight of hazard.

Now as ſoon as our *Phyſician* begins to lay himſelf out for Buſineſs, let him aſſault the *general Ear* with long and loud Relations of the mighty Exploits he has performed. *Exempli gratia*: Every Brook will furniſh him with Pebbles, rugged, brown, and large enough, which, after his *Brethren* the *other Phyſicians* had condemned his Patient to undergo the operation of *Lithotomy*, he made him diſcharge by the ſole virtue of *Diureticks*. In this caſe, the larger that he picks his

ſtones

ſtones the better, only he muſt take care that they are no larger than the human Bladder may be ſuppoſed able to contain; if he keeps himſelf within theſe bounds he cannot overdo things, for the greater the wonder be, it is ſo much the more taking. Let him talk confidently of ſuch feats, no matter whether they are poſſible or not; for tho' *Miracles*, they ſay, *are ceaſed*, *the Beaſt with many heads* can ſwallow them with as much alacrity as ever. *It* likes hugely too to be regaled with hard words; theſe work like a Spell upon the ignorant Hearers, and are the ſure ſign of a *great Scholard*. Therefore for the inrichment of his Phraſeology and the edification of the gaping Herd, I counſel him, inſtead of turning over a Dictionary, which is but an awkard, troubleſome, way of learning the *Terms of Art*, to get by heart the *Latine Index* to any Syſtem of *Botany*, where he may have as many odd-ſounding words at one view, as may, when judiciouſly mix'd ſufficiently darken his Expreſſion, and give his diſcourſe the air of an *Oracle*.

Now muſt he, like the Carrion-crow, ſmell out his *Prey*, and wherever the Diſeaſed

eaſed are, there let him be. When a Phyſician's Preſcription comes to his ſhop, I adviſe him without delay to make a viſit to the Patient, and to let him know that he did not think it proper to make up the Medicines which were ordered till he knew his Condition himſelf. Then after he has felt his Pulſe, viewed his Water, and asked him a few Queſtions, he may proceed in this manner——" It is very lucky for you, *Sir*, " that I happened to uſe this Caution, for " the *Recipe* that came to my hand is quite " wide of the purpoſe; ſo we ſhall, if you " pleaſe, let it alone, and I'll ſend you ſome- " thing that will in a little time do you ſer- " vice."——This cannot fail to ſucceed to his wiſh among the *Million*. But where the Patient is ſo obſtinate and intractable, that all he can utter to his own praiſe or the diſadvantage of the Phyſician is not ſufficient to ſhake him, he may have his full Revenge both upon the Phyſician and Patient through the grace of *Pharmacy*.—— Thus I have delivered the principal *Rules* by which our *Doctor* muſt direct his Conduct; the reſt I leave to his own Diſcretion.

Since

Since I wrote this, I am informed by ſeveral hands, that the Method I have laid down is generally in every point, and has been for ſome ages, practiſed thro' *Great Britain*, and that the *Phyſicians* of this kind are diſtinguiſhed by the name of *Quacks*. However, I conceive it may not be unacceptable to theſe Gentlemen to preſent them with a regular Draught of their own Scheme, and it may at the ſame time be of ſervice to Beginners to give them a view of their *Agenda* at once. In the mean time I am glad, that tho' I am diſappointed of the honour of being the firſt *Diſcoverer* of this way, I am for that very reaſon ſafe from engaging in a Quarrel with the *Phyſicians*, which I had almoſt laid my account with. And moreover, one of my Friends tells me, that the more *Quacks*, as he calls them, the better for the Phyſicians. " For, ſays he, the " *Wrath of Heaven* and the *proper Vices* of " Mankind, are ſcarce ſo productive of Diſ- " eaſes as are theſe *Quacks*; who in places " where they abound, and where the Inha- " bitants for every aching head or ſcratch " of a pin, have recourſe to their *skill*, keep

" up

" up a perpetual *Spring* and *Fall* the whole " year round." But this I take to be meer Raillery.

Another Friend of mine, who is alſo a *Projector*, and conſiders things ſeriouſly, has a Scheme by him for the more advantageous regulation of the *Civil Puniſhments*. Among other things he propoſes, that all *Doctors* of this kind, whether *Officinal* or *Errant*, ſhould be taken up and diſtributed among the publick Goals, to ſuperintend the Health of Capital Offenders: (for he diſapproves of *publick Executions*.) And that ſuch of theſe Delinquents as eſcape with life and limb after a year's Diſcipline under their reſpective Phyſicians, ſhould be taken into the Army; " for, ſays he, they'll probably make " hardy Soldiers." He thinks further, that for the ſupport of theſe *private Officers*, beſides the diſcarded Hangman's Fees, the Country ſhould not grudge a ſmall Tax upon every *Life*, (at leaſt upon the *Lives* of thoſe who uſed to employ them before the commencement of their new *Dignity*) eſpecially ſince by this means they are ſecured from

from the moſt mortal dangers they were expoſed to.

But for all this, I ſhall not loſe conceit of my Scheme till I have better reaſon. For I have ſome cauſe to ſuſpect that the Gentlemen who talk ſo unfavourably of theſe Sons of *Pæan*, are not altogether free of Prejudice.

A

DIALOGUE,

Relating to the

PRACTICE of PHYSICK,

As it is managed by a certain
Illuſtrious Society.

Dî, quibus imperium eſt animarum, umbræq; ſilentes,
Et Chaos, et Phlegethon, loca nocte tacentia latè;
Sit mihi fas audita loqui, ſit numine veſtro
Pandere res alta terra & caligine merſas. VIRG.

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* *Hygeia. Mercury. Pluto.*

Hygeia. WEll *Mercury*, now that we are arrived at *Pluto*'s Palace, pray tell me what's my Buſineſs here? You came to me with a diſtracted hurry in your looks, and deſired me to follow you with all ſpeed, which I did implicitly enough, expecting to learn from you on the road upon what ſtrange emergency my preſence was

* She was the Heathen Goddeſs of *Health.*

was neceſſary in Hell. But you plied your wings ſo eagerly, that tho' I don't uſe to ſaunter in my motions, I could not come within hearing of you all the way. But now that you have recovered Breath, and ſince *Pluto*, with whom it ſeems I am to have affairs, is taking a Nap, pray tell me what are his demands upon me?

Mercury. A Nap quotha! would he were well out on't. The fatigue of this Bout has it ſeems done more for him than all the virtues of my *Rod*. But if he had one grain of Mortality in him, he had ſlept his laſt before this.

Hyg. You amaze me! Nay then, ſome ſtrange Revolution muſt be near when the Gods themſelves grow ſick. I ſhould not have thought it ſo prodigious neither, to have heard that *Venus* was under a *Saliva-tion*, or that *Bacchus* was ſitting Cuſhioned up with the *Gout*, or Raving in a *Fever*. But *Pluto*, that regular, temperate, ſober-living *God*, and of a good firm Conſtitution too; *Pluto* ſick! 'tis impoſſible. *Mercury* you're arch ſure, this muſt be one of your

Bites; but I am not ſo credulous as you imagine.

Merc. Well, you'll know by and by whether I jeſt or not. 'Tis not long ſince I thought as little of Sickneſs as you do, and *Pluto* as little as either of us. And let me tell you, if you had the ſame cauſe to be ſick that He has, I queſtion much if that clean alert Conſtitution of yours, and all the firmneſs of your *Animal Oeconomy*, could preſerve you from theſe Diſorders which we have hitherto imagined were only incident to Mortals.

Hyg. But prethee *Mercury*, if I may believe you're in earneſt, tell me how came the Infernal *Jupiter* by this Indiſpoſition?

Merc. Why you ſhall hear.——Did you obſerve what a pickle he was in two or three nights ago, at our laſt Merry-making?

Hyg. I left the Company juſt as they ſeemed to have reached a reaſonable degree of Mirth. For you know I ſeldom ſit longer upon theſe Occaſions, than the firſt Bottle is emptied.

Merc.

Merc. True. But *Pluto* does not always confine himſelf to ſuch Rules. The *Nectar*, you remember was of the right generous kind, which he ply'd as long as Drinking was good. And when all the reſt were for going, He and *Silenus*, who had got into a Corner by themſelves, and were grown vaſtly Loving and Facetious, laid their heads together for another Bottle, tho' he had enough in all conſcience before. Well, he was at laſt prevailed upon to riſe, and he ſtagger'd home as drunk as twenty Beggars, roaring, and ſinging Sonnets to *Proſerpine*, like a *Bacchanal*, all the way as he went. While the Inhabitants of the Infernal Regions, were ſo tickled in their Spleens to ſee their King on ſuch a merry pin, that they fell all a capering and dancing round him; and he reel'd and gambol'd as faſt as the beſt of 'em. In ſhort, you would have ſplit your Sides, had you ſeen this odd Scene of Pleaſantry. I ſaw all that paſs'd by the light of the Torches. For tho' he was affronted at my offering to conduct him home, *as if he were Drunk forſooth*; yet I thought it was proper to follow him at a diſtance, and

ac-

accordingly did not loſe ſight of him the whole way.

Hyg. Your Deſcription diverts me extreamly. *Pluto* is not often in ſuch a frolickſome vein. But pray how did his Nectar digeſt with him? I hope that did not grumble in his Guts?

Merc. No, hang it! that would not have touch'd him neither. This was only the Prelude to the Tragedy. No ſooner was he got home than he calls for a freſh Bottle, and would needs make every body drink that was near him; laughing, and talking, and ſinging, with all the gaiety imaginable, and ſmacking, and kiſſing all about him. As he was playing a thouſand Anticks that ſhook the whole Palace with Laughter, up comes there a brazen-fac'd Son of a Wh—— of a *Pill-giving* Quack, and——

Hyg. Begging your pardon, theſe are they that my ſick Votaries every day curſe ſo heartily in their Prayers to me; but I could never yet perfectly learn what they are.

Merc.

Merc. Rot 'em! I don't want to know any more about them than I do already——But to my Tale. This precious Raſcal finding *Pluto* in a very affable tune, comes up to him, and with a deal of affected Concern in his Countenance, accoſts him in this manner——" *Dread Sir*, I take it to be indiſpen- " ſably incumbent upon all Subjects to ex- " ert their ſeveral Capacities in the Service " of their lawful Sovereigns. My Profeſſion " is Phyſick, and " (after he had told a thouſand Lyes concerning his Education, and what Cures he had performed) " my Con- " cern, ſays he, for your Majeſty's Welfare " obliges me to take the liberty to tell you, " that I'm afraid you have drunk more to- " night than is conſiſtent with your Health. " Your Eyes look red, your Pulſe (here he fumbled about *Pluto*'s Wriſt) " ſtrikes much " too faſt, and from the preſent *Pleni-* " *tude* of your *Vaſcular Syſtem*, I can eaſily " prognoſticate, by the Rules of my *Art*, " that if you don't purge off your *Crapula*, " your Majeſty muſt unavoidably, within " the ſpace of a few hours, be ſeized with " an *Ephemerous Fever*, or a *Febris ardens*, or

" per-

" perhaps drop headlong into an *Apoplexy*.
" But theſe Misfortunes may eaſily be pre-
" vented, by taking two or three of my *Pilu-*
" *læ Catholicæ*, which I invented, and al-
" ways prepare my ſelf, and which ſcarce
" ever fail to ſucceed in this, or any other
" *Intention*. —— There they are." With that he pulled out a Box as full of Plagues as *Pandora*'s, and preſenting *Pluto* with two of his Pills,—" Your Majeſty will pleaſe
" to ſwallow theſe, (ſays he,) and I ſhall in-
" ſure you from all the bad Conſequences
" of this night's work. I am confident,
" if your Majeſty once knew the ineſtima-
" ble Virtues of theſe my *Pills*, your Ma-
" jeſty would never go without ſome of them
" about you afterwards." Good Gods! what Simpletons does Drink make of us! *Pluto*, without reflecting upon the Abſurdity of this Speech, or once dreaming of what he was a doing, takes the confounded *Pills*, and toſſes them over with great Alacrity. And indeed they ſoon cured him of his Drunkenneſs, or at leaſt of his Mirth. For they had not been an hour in his Stomach, till he grew monſtrous ſick, and fell a vomiting and ſcouring moſt enormouſly. He did ſo

roar

roar and curſe, and toſs and tumble, and run hobbling and crouching up and down with his Guts in his Arms, ſcrewing his Face, ſweating like a Horſe, and looking as pale as Aſhes, that but for his Immortality one would not imagine he could have lived in that Condition two hours. The Villain of an Empirick was ſent to, who, when he heard how Matters went with his Majeſty, had the impudence to ſay, *He liked him ſo much the better that the Medicine operated well*, and that he would but juſt ſtay till he made up ſomething to *alleviate the Stimulus*, if there was occaſion for it, and give him eaſe, and then would follow. But the ſorry Scoundrel thought fit to ſneak off, and he has not been heard of ſince. I ſuppoſe he ſculks in ſome blind Corner or other, but he can't long lie hid from the Puniſhment he deſerves ſo richly. In the mean time, *Pluto* has continued for theſe two days in as bad a way as when his Phyſick firſt began to work. And yet, ſick as he was, he would not for a long time conſent to the taking of any Meaſures, which might divulge an Affair that was ſo little to his Honour; but he was forced to yield to Ne-

ceſſity at laſt, and diſpatched me in great haſte to find you out. And tho' he is juſt now aſleep it ſeems, I'm afraid there is ſtill work enough left for you. For conſidering what he has ſuffered, and how miſerably ill he was but lately when I left him, I am apt to ſuſpect that his preſent Reſt is meerly owing to his Weakneſs, and you know much better than I, how deceitful theſe Truces ſometimes prove.

Hyg. Well, I ſhall do what lies in my power for him; tho' I muſt own I am not very ſorry that he ſmarts for his Folly neither.——But pray *Mercury*, can you tell me what ſort of People theſe Quacks are? For tho' they practiſe Phyſick it ſeems, and pretend to have ſome Intereſt with me, I have no Correſpondence with them.

Merc. No, I don't imagine you have. I ſhall tell you in as few words as poſſible all that I know about them. You remember that in former times, none were allowed to practiſe Phyſick but thoſe that were found duly qualified, and had prepared themſelves by a long Courſe of Study for that important

Im-

Imployment. But now there is not a poor Peasant or Mechanick, but if he has two Sons, one of them must be a *Doctor*, as they call them, with a vengeance, tho' it were in spight of both Nature and Education. And what wise Method do you think they fall upon to accomplish this great work? A very short one you'll say. They have no Notion of Education themselves, and they are not able to bear the Expences of introducing their Sons regularly to the knowledge of the *Art*. But instead of this, they place a raw unletter'd Lad for two or three years under the Care of some Apothecary, who perhaps does not know a great deal more than his Apprentice. Here he fancies he learns not only to prepare and compound Medicines, but, by perusing and Common-placing the Physicians Bills, how to apply them too forsooth. And so at last, by a happy Delusion, he thinks himself not only an Apothecary, but a Physician. Thus, what by his own proper Fund of Ignorance, what by his Master's improving it, he comes out at last a doubly greater Fool than he enter'd. But in the mean time, as Ignorance and want of Sense give him Assurance, and

the Lowneſs of his Education preſerves him at liberty from the comberſome Shackles of Honour and Honeſty, if he has but ſleight enough to ſave himſelf from Tranſportation or the Gibbet, he is ſure to make a Lively-hood, tho' never ſo many ſhould ſuffer for it. Others have fallen upon a yet eaſier way of ſcaling the Heights of Phyſick, by ſetting up upon ſomething that they call a *Noſtrum*, left them in a Legacy by their Grand-mother, by which they pretend infallibly to cure ſome one, or perhaps all Diſeaſes. And this, whether it is inſignificant or dangerous, they adminiſter the ſame way in all Circumſtances, and in the ſame Doſe to Perſons of all Ages, Sexes, and Conſtitutions.

Hyg. A hopeful Education I'll ſwear! Well, I don't wonder that thoſe Fools who venture their Lives in the hands of ſuch Bunglers, load them with ſuch Imprecations at laſt.

Merc. Theſe Wretches however have for ſome time been in great favour with *Pluto*. And in return for their contributing ſo conſiderably to the peopling of his Dominions,

they

they have had the Honour to lodge in the ſame Quarter with *Alexander*, *Cæſar*, and the reſt of the noble Tribe of Man-butchers. But of late years they have ſent down ſuch numerous Colonies, that it would have puzled *Pluto* to account for ſo many ſwarms (at a time when he heard nothing, by any Advices from the upper World, either of Famine or Peſtilence, or very hot Wars) if it were not that, of all the Myriads that daily deſcend to Hell, there is ſcarce One of Six, but what lays the Blame of his untimely Fate upon the Quacks. So that at laſt, he begun to conſider them with another eye, and to remit of his Indulgence towards them, as dreading they would at this rate in a ſhort time quite deſtroy the Brood of Mankind, and ſo cut off all future Supplies to his Realms. But now this Affair I preſume will compleat their Diſgrace, and entirely ruin them with *Pluto*. They have for a long time played their *Pills*, *Drops*, and *Potions* here upon the poor Wretches that are miſerable enough beſides. But there was never any ear given to their Complaints, for it was ſuſpected to be all meer Fetch and Knavery, and that they were only ſick to get

the

the Rigour and wholeſome Diſcipline of our Infernal Regions a little abated. And but the other day, one of theſe Miſcreants, as he was paſſing by *Tantalus*, who was crying out of Thirſt after his old rate, ſtop'd and told him, that Symptom was entirely owing to the *redundant Choler* in his Blood, and that he could give him a *Potion* that would purge it off to his great Relief. Poor *Tantalus*, who was glad to drink any thing, made but one Draught of his *Potion*, and poured a thouſand Bleſſings upon his pretended Benefactor. But it proved a bitter Draught to him. For it handled him ſo unmercifully, and, inſtead of having his Thirſt quenched by it, he called out at laſt ſo pitifully for Drink, and ſwooned away ſo often, that he was obliged to be taken out of his Tub: And now that his great rage of Sickneſs is abated, they are e'en fain to cocker him up with Broths and Jellies to fill his empty Veſſels again. Such things as theſe paſſed without being much taken notice of, and for the moſt part without being credited; but I ſhall wonder if theſe Varlets are not called to a ſevere Account, now that the Gods themſelves can't live for them.

them. For you muſt know that, juſt about the time that *Pluto* took his Phyſick, honeſt old *Charon* got his Doſe too.

Hyg. No ſure! How in the name of wonder came *Charon* ſo tractable and complaiſant? I hope his Auſterity was not mellowed by a Bottle too?

Merc. No faith; He was as ſober as I am juſt now: but you ſhall hear how it happened. One of theſe Poiſon-mongers, who wanted a Caſt over, but had not a Farthing to pay his Fare, bethought himſelf of a ſly Expedient. He takes his Seat juſt by the old Waterman, and begins to make his Court by complimenting him upon his vigorous Conſtitution and the *Greenneſs* of his old Age; but at the ſame time could not help obſerving that his Skin diſgraced them, (for you know he is not very nice about his Linnens, and does not go into a Bath perhaps once in a Century) and that he had contracted ſomething of a *Scorbutick Taint*, by having lived ſo long upon the Water. But if he would accept of ſome Doſes of his *Pulvis Scelotyrbicus*, and now and then

make

make uſe of the warm Bath, he might ſoon become as ſleek and pure as a Snake that has juſt caſt his Slough. *Charon* at firſt made him ſurly enough Anſwers, and was like to have grown very rough, but the inſinuating Raſcal plied him ſo with poſitive Remonſtrances, that the ſimple old Dotard began at laſt to imagine that his Skin really itched. He told him, that what he ſaid might be true enough, but that he had not Leiſure to take Phyſick. The unconſcionable Knave replied, that the Medicine which he had to offer him was an *Alterative* and acted inſenſibly, ſo that he needed not loſe a Moment's Buſineſs, nor ſo much as change his Diet for it. Well, not to tire you with a long Tale, *Charon* takes the *Powders* in lieu of Fare, which was all that the Raſcal wanted. And one Doſe has wrought him ſo heartily, that if they were to cure him of a *Leproſy*, I ſuppoſe *Cerberus* may take the reſt for him. He was obliged to crawl out of his Boat into a Hut by the River's ſide, where he lies curſing and blaſpheming at a hideous rate, and is ſo peeviſh and in ſuch a naſty pickle, that no body cares to go near him. Since this Misfortune

tune happened to him, I have been obliged to perform his Office: but to ſecure my ſelf from having a *Pill* or *Powder* cramm'd down my Throat too, not a Rag of a Quack comes into the Boat as long as I'm Maſter. They make a deal of pother for Admittance, but I e'en let them ſtrole about the wrong ſide of the Lake till *Charon* is ready to take care of them himſelf; and if he does not take care of them with a vengeance, as ſoon as he gets upon his Stumps again, I ſhall ſay his *Choler is purged off* effectually. There is as good as Ten or a Dozen of them already, and they are become ſo bold, that if I did not keep them at a diſtance by bruſhing their Jackets for them when they advance too near, I believe they would think of ſtorming the Boat. But I expect good Sport when they come under *Charon*'s Diſcipline. It will delight one to ſee how he'll tear and lay about him, and how the poor Scoundrels will ſcamper up and down, as if they walk'd upon hot Iron.

Hyg. Yes, I preſume they'll ſtand in need of more Skill than their own to heal them-

ſelves again.——But I wiſh *Pluto* would make an end of his Nap, for I ſhall be obliged to be going preſently.

Merc. So ſhall I. I'll ſtep into his Chamber, and ſee if he is yet awake. ——O! I hear him groaning and ſtretching himſelf upon the Bed. You may come in, *Hygeia.*

Hyg. How is it with you now, *Pluto?* Mercy on me, you look pitifully!

Pluto. O *Hygeia!* what have I ſuffered ſince I ſaw you!

Hyg. Well, I hope you ſhall not ſuffer much longer; and if you were once ſet to rights again, I preſume you won't tamper any more with theſe unlucky Miniſters of the Fatal Siſters.

Pluto. A Peſtilence on them! But what muſt I do? for I find I ſhall ſoon be as bad as ever.

Hyg. Why, you muſt ſend for ſome skilful Phyſician. You have *Hippocrates, Celſus,*

ſus, *Sydenham*, and I don't know how many here, that are an Honour to their great Father *Æſculapius*, and, for the good Offices they have done Mankind, deſerve the immortal Fame and compleat Happineſs they now enjoy. You muſt have recourſe to their Help, for without Nature's Means and theirs, I never do any thing.

Pluto. Their Help! I never could endure them: for my Empire might ſtill have remained an unpeopled Deſart for them. And I have often been angry with *Minos* and *Rhadamanth*, for allotting them the ſame habitations with *Solon*, *Lycurgus*, *Socrates*, *Cicero*, *Brutus*, and the other public Benefactors of Mankind. I little thought ever to have Dealings of this kind with them; but I have reaſon to lay aſide my old Grudges now.

Merc. Well, I expect you'll judge more favourably of them hereafter.——But in the mean time, *Pluto*, as there is nothing ſo curſt but what brings ſome good along with it, I humbly think this Accident might be

improved to a profitable uſe. You know *Ixion*'s Wheel is falling to pieces, the Furies' Scourges are worn ſo light and limber, that they are become meer Children's Play: In ſhort, all the Inſtruments of Hell are going to wrack. Now to ſave the Expence of repairing them, which will make a great Gap in your Fund, what if all that pompous *Apparatus*, and this Variety of Tortures, were laid aſide, and the Medicines of theſe Quacks (which come cheap enough, for all their exorbitant Bills) made uſe of in their ſtead, and adminiſtred once, twice, or thrice a Week, in proportion to the Offence, Habit, and Conſtitution of the Criminals, and *pro ratione Virium & Operationis*.

Tantalus. Blaſt me, all the Gods! if I take *Potion* more.——I'll drink *Phlegethon* firſt.—Let me into my Tub again——Oh!—

Hyg. So *Tantalus*, you have got a quick Ear. *Pluto* will perhaps excuſe you if you ſpeak him fair. But pray, *Mercury*, let us hear the reſt of your Scheme, with *Pluto*'s leave, it may perhaps divert him.

Merc.

Merc. Well, in the mean time that the Furies may not lie out of Buſineſs, nor want an Imployment ſuitable to their Diſpoſitions; I would propoſe that they ſhould have the pleaſure to adminiſter theſe *Pills*, *Potions*, &c. and in ſhort to perform the Office of the Quacks.

Hyg. And pray what will you make of the Quacks themſelves? What uncommon Torments are you preparing for them?

Merc. As for them, that they may ſtill be occupied in ſomething Analogous to their former Trade, let it be their Buſineſs to take care of the Kennels, Sewers, and Common-ſhores; nor think it below them to be the Scavengers of Hell.

Hyg. By *Jupiter*, a good Contrivance! *Pluto*, what do you ſay to this?

Merc.——Ye Gods! *Pluto* is as bad as ever! How he heaves! how he ſweats! how he's convulſed! as if his whole Frame were

were disjointed! I must make Dispatch, and send hither *Hippocrates* and some of the rest of the Physicians, and then to the Oar again. Do you, *Hygeia*, stay here in the mean time.

Hyg. I shall. Fare you well, *Mercury*, and make haste.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Letter was found in the Streets, where it had probably been dropt by Mr. *W——d.* This accident has in all likelihood deprived thoſe impartial Records of Fame, *The London Evening Poſt* and *Daily Advertiſer*, of the Honour of uſhering it into the World. But that it may not be entirely loſt, neither to the Public nor that illuſtrious Perſon to whom it does Juſtice, I take the liberty to print it here.

To the greateſt of ſelf-taught Phyſicians, to the Sage pregnant with Knowledge not revealed by Mortal Pens, to the Dragon's Eye of Sagacity, to the far-fam'd Maſter of the Pill of Pills and Drop of Drops, to the invincible J—— W——, Usbek *the* Perſian, *greeting.*

I Took the wondrous Pill which thou ſenteſt me, and lay for three Days and three Nights under the deſpotic Sovereignty of Phyſick. Almighty *Alla!* How did the Billows of Sickneſs overwhelm

whelm me! How did the Rage of vollied Torments ſhake my fleſhly Manſion almoſt to ruins, while my trembling Soul thought of nothing but Flight! But now roſy Health ſmiles again upon me, and my Years look green in a new Spring: For which I thank thy ſpirit-giving Hand, and ſhall ever celebrate thy immortal Name with Praiſes lofty as *Imaus*, ſweet-ſmelling as the ſpicy Vales of *Arabia*. Hail, enormous *Maſs of Pilular* Merit! Thou mighty Poſſeſſor of the *Univerſal Remedy*, the *Pill* of *Strength*, the *Drop* of *Energy*, the *Arcanum* of the *Wiſe*, the *Philoſopher's Stone*, ſuch as never roſe from the ſecret Furnace of myſterious vaunting *Paracelſus!* (For not the golden Pill of Day diſperſes Influence more vivifying than thine Terreſtrial and of Mineral Birth!) Thou, for whom the *Great* (O glorious Task!) wield their deputed Pens! And to whom the *Judges of the Earth* do Juſtice! Thou, who *compreſſeſt the Glands* of the *Paralytic* Eye, and adminiſtreſt to the Wretched, the ſweet *relief of Tears*! *For thrice wretched they to whom this Comfort is denied!* In a word, thou great earthly Mover of the obedient

Mi-

Microcoſm! all hail! And may I join to thee, Him next in Name? who *daily* thunders almoſt with equal Force on my aſtounded Ear: Him, the vindictive Scourge of *Worms!* Him, greater than the Flower of *Engliſh* Chivalry, the Boaſt of ancient Time, *St. George!* Him, conſpicuous with the Spoils of many a vanquiſh'd Monſter! And to whom contending Monarchs, juſtled from the middle of the Sheets of Fame, diurnally give place! And let my upright heart beſtow upon your whole illuſtrious Brotherhood their due ſhare of Incenſe. *Alla* forbid that I ſhould paſs them in ſtupid Silence! For neither is their Renown unknown to me. O all ye (who can count you, innumerable and bright as the Stars!) Ye, who without the help of vain Science, and uncramped by ſtiff Education, have gained the proud heights of Phyſick! Ye Worthies of *Emetic* Renown! Ye whoſe skilful hands weed the too luxuriant animal Kingdom! Ye whoſe *Pills* and *Potions purge the World!* Let me ſtand aſtoniſhed at your Power, and bid my voracious Appetite of Wonders riot eternally on your miraculous Might. For you command, and Deſtruction opens wide

her devouring Jaws! The wrathful Peſtilence waits your tremendous Nod! You teach the *impriſoned Aphrodiſiack* Bane to rage, and the great ones of the Earth tremble! They tremble, yea and melt in fearful *Sweats* at your Power! That Power, the liberal Gift of auſpicious Nature, the Envy and Aſtoniſhment of the Learned. O unbought Erudition! More to be valued far than the Mountains of *Ophir* teeming with Gold, or the maſſy Pearls of the Orient!——O when will come theſe *Golden Days* when Phyſicians ſhall be all of one *Sect?* When *Hippocrates*, when *Galen*, when *Boerhaave*, ſhall be no more? When *Spontaneous* Knowledge ſhall ſpring from the *uncultivated* Soil? When the grief of Reading and tedious Application ſhall ceaſe? When the univerſal Smoak of blazing Libraries ſhall aſcend, and wrap the happy Day in a more glorious Night? And when the Profeſſors of the healing Art ſhall, with one Mind, entirely reſign themſelves to *enlightening* Nature, and like you (O ſole *inſpired Phyſicians!*) truſt to *Inſpiration* alone? Even then when a new *Gothic* Inundation ſhall overwhelm the Earth, and the laſt footſteps of abhorred Learning

ſhall melt away. Happy! Oh! infinitely happy! they, whom kind Nature locks up in the dark Womb of Time, to ſally forth with impetuous eagerneſs into the Enjoyment of theſe bliſsful Days! Oh! too happy already! if they could but know their happineſs. For even we, the preſent Generation of Mortals, we (thank Heaven!) taſte the Sweets of theſe delicious Days: Taſte, and envy the ſleeping Seeds of our late Poſterity. Yes, in you we taſte theſe Joys, O Godlike Deliverers from mortal Woes, from the Bondage of the Fleſh, and from all the Sorrows and Infirmities that *Fleſh is Heir to!* O! that I could wield the irreſiſtable Bolts of *Demoſthenian* Eloquence! Oh! for the Tongues of Ten thouſand *Seraphims* to ſing your Praiſes, and huſh with conſcious Shame the miſtuned *Spheres!* For ſure no Mortal, not all the Mortals that have ſprung from the Loins of the firſt Man, with all that ſhall precede the laſt Cruſh of this Syſtem, joined in full Concert, could warble *Elogiums* worthy you. Let me not therefore violate the ſacred Theme, nor touch your divine Names with my fleſhly Lips, leſt a wrathful *Cancer* ſhould conſume them, or a *com-*

miſſioned Palſy revenge you on my profane Tongue. And yet——But whither do theſe Raptures hurry me? Tranſported by the inſpiring Subject, I have unawares ſwelled my Letter of acknowledgment to Thee, with an *Encomium* upon the Society of which thou juſtly claimeſt to be the Head. And now, before I lay down my Pen, I muſt tell thee that, ſmit with an abſolute Curioſity, I deſign a Viſit this Winter to thy amazing Country: The Land of Wonders, where, beſides the almoſt incredible Feats of thy aſtoniſhing Fraternity, a thouſand other Prodigies, worthy (if Fame ſays true) of eternal Admiration, grow. For I hear of Things and Manners marvelous, ſcarce utterable by mortal Tongues, and not to be believed without the Vouchers of one's proper Eyes. *Alla* preſerve thee, ſage *J——ſ——ah.*

From *Paris.*

THE END.